

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Life's Lilies.

I wandered down life's garden,
In the flush of a golden day,
The flowers and thorns grew thickly
In the spot where I chanced to stray.

I went to choose me a flower
For life, for weal or for woe;
On, on I went, till I stayed me
By the spot where the lilies grow.

"Yes, I will carry a lily,"
I said in my manhood's pride,
"A bloodless, thornless lily
Shall be my flower!" I cried.

I stretched my hands out quickly
To where the pale blossoms grew—
Was it the air that shivered?
Was it a wind that blew?

Was it my hands that scorched them,
As I touched the blossoms' fair?
They broke and scattered their petals
On the sunny, noontide air.

Taen I saw a great, bright angel,
With opal-colored wings,
Where the light flashed in the feathers
In golden glimmerings.

He said, "Thou hast sinned and suffered;
Lilies are not for thee,
They are all for the little children,
Emblems of purity."

"Shall I never carry a lily?
Never?" I bitterly cried,
With his great eyes full of pity,
The heavenly one replied:

"When the heat of the day is over
When the goal is won," he said,
"Ah, then I lay God's lilies
In the hands of the stainless dead!"

—All the Year Round.

STORE TELLER.

HALF A LOAF.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," Charlie. Little Mabel Castleton said this wistfully, her eyes, as she spoke, wandering to the cradle where two curly heads were lying.

"But when one has had the whole loaf, May, one doesn't exactly relish the half rations you mention," said Charlie, moodily. But his eyes followed his wife to the cosy nest of the twin babies.

"It is a bad time of the year to be out of a situation," said Mabel, after a long silence, "and many whom we know are idle. It would not be very easy to find employment now."

"You really think I had better remain with Mr. Mifflin?"

"I do. Tell me what he said to you."

"The substance of what he said was simply this: Business is so very dull that he is obliged to curtail his expenses, and he must discharge some of his clerks. I have been with him ten years, and he was pleased to say that I am very useful to him, and he is very unwilling to part with me. But he can give me but half my present salary, though he promises to raise it as soon as business prospects brighten. I don't know what to do. We are none too rich at my present salary."

"Yet you have saved something each month. Besides, dear, we have not tried to be economical. There are many ways in which I could save."

"And make a perfect slave of yourself."

"Not a bit of it. I have plenty of leisure time, now that May and Bella could amuse each other. Come, Charlie, accept Mr. Mifflin's offer. You may hear of something better, even if you remain there; but don't throw yourself out of a situation in the dead of winter, for my sake and the children's."

The last argument conquered. Charlie knew too well that it would be useless to look for a new situation, for the whole town was echoing Mr. Mifflin's cry of hard times. The small nest egg in the bank would soon melt away when it became the sole support of four, and so, kissing Mabel, he promised to follow her advice. But it cost his pride a very sore wrench.

He had entered the employment of his present employer at seventeen, and slowly, steadily gaining favor by faithfully performing every duty, he had won his way to the desk of head clerk.

Not until he had acquired this position and the handsome salary accompanying it would he ask Mabel to become his wife, furnishing a pretty cottage home from his savings, and giving her a thoroughly comfortable income for household expenses. He was not extravagant, but it pleased him to see his wife well dressed, to give her an efficient servant, to have her twin girls ever presentable, his table well appointed. All this had been easy enough upon his salary, and there had been something added for three years to the little bank fund.

But to do all this on the present income was simply impossible. Household must be paid, and the sum remaining each month would have to be carefully calculated to meet all the expenses, leaving little for pleasure or extravagance in dress.

"Then what would Will say?"

Will Castleton was Charlie's cousin, who had been his life long companion. Together they had left the schoolroom for a business position. Will entering the grain store of Harvey & Russell at the same time Charlie had taken the place in Mr. Mifflin's dry goods store. Shoulder to shoulder the young men had worked their way till this financial crisis had brought all business men into temporary difficulties of greater or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest indignation at the proposal made his cousin, strongly advising him to throw up his situation and "see how old Mifflin would get along without him." And Charlie, before seeing Mabel, was quite ready to follow his advice.

He knew that Will would think him mean to remain upon half salary, and yet Mabel was right. Half a loaf was better than no bread.

And while Charlie Castleton was thus weighing the pros and cons of his decision, Mr. Mifflin was listening to the counsel of his old friend and chum, the senior partner of the firm that had been Gardner & Mifflin, and who, though he had retired years before, was still the friend and frequent adviser of his former partner.

"Is it a mistake, Mifflin," he said, "you had better send young Castleton about his business and engage an entirely new book-keeper. You will find that half pay means half service, mark my words."

"But I might search C—from end to end and not find a clerk competent to take his place."

"Then pay him full salary."

"I cannot do it unless I reduce the number of salesmen, and then I am short-handed now. There is but one way to keep my head above water. You see Clark's failure involves me very heavily, and—"

And the worried man of business entered into explanations of his difficulties not necessary to repeat here.

It touched Charlie Castleton very deeply, when entering the counting-house to announce his determination to remain in his old position, to see the face of his employer brighten.

And as Charlie spoke the large eyes grew brighter, and he smiled pleasantly, as he said—

"Thank you, Charlie. It would have caused me serious embarrassment to lose you, and I am heartily glad you will stay. I trust you will not long be obliged to take a small salary, but circumstances compel me to economize."

"You have been a kind employer to me for ten years," replied Charlie, "and if I am really of any more value to you than another would be in my place, I will not desert you."

And looking into the careworn face, that trouble was marking more deeply than age, Charlie resolve to serve Mr. Mifflin more faithfully than in his more prosperous days.

It was not long before the old gentleman felt the sympathy of his young clerk, and looked to him as he never did before, for advice as well as for service. He admitted him to confidential relations, explained to him the difficulties caused by the failures of other firms, some heavily indebted to the firm of Joe Mifflin, others upon whom he had depended for goods to be obtained upon credit.

Day by day, as the hard, trying winter wore away, the two friends grew faster, and so far from lessening his work Charlie found himself willfully lifting some of his employer's burdens upon his own shoulders.

He gave more time to business, and he was gaining an insight into it, of which an opportunity had never been given him.

And Mabel, at home, was bravely taking her share of the diminished loaf with a smiling face and a cheerful heart. As far as might be she kept from Charlie a knowledge of her domestic economies, but some of them were apparent.

The woman whose competent aid demanded high wages was discharged, and a half-grown girl was engaged to mind the babies, while Mabel cooked and washed and ironed and sewed, meeting difficulties with a courageous heart. She had never been a drone in the world's hive, having been a busy little dress-maker before Charlie Castleton won her heart and took her to reside over his pretty home.

But for three years of her married life she had been much petted, and

there were many pleasures to be put aside, many dollars well weighed before they were spent.

It was with a heart full of pardonable triumph that the young couple, at the end of the year of reduced pay, found they were still out of debt and had not touched the nest egg in the bank.

"You see, Charlie, we made the half loaf go round," said Mabel, as they went carefully over the year's expense book.

"There are no crumbs," he said, with a rather weary face.

"Never mind that; it was a great deal better than idleness."

"You are right, and there is more than that, Mabel, I have been able to help Mr. Mifflin more than I could have done in our old relations to each other. His perplexities made him long for some one to whom he could speak confidentially, and when the ice was once broken he took me fully into his confidence. I could always suggest a way out of difficulty that had not occurred to him, and even when I was not of actual use to him it was a relief to pour out his troubles to some one who was in sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie. I never saw you so tired as you often have been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been before."

"Well, it is some comfort to know that business prospects are growing brighter. By closest economy Mr. Mifflin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there is a good lookout for the coming year."

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind. We will not depend yet."

"Despond! I guess not. I am going to have some of these crumbs you were speaking of next year. I have learned some valuable lessons in saving, which I mean to make use of."

The second year was certainly not an easy one to Mabel. A wee baby, in addition to the three-year-old twins, kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in the household work. Many articles of clothing and housekeeping, too, that lasted well one year, were past service in the second, and it was not easy to replace them.

Often Mabel feared the savings for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her own heart and always had a bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home at night.

She never told him that the late breakfast that she had planned to let the babies sleep, while he ate his early one, comprised none of the tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six mornings out of the seven. She never let him know that the reason she suggested his taking his lunch down town, to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal toward the dinner, the dainty little parcel he carried never costing the price of a regular meal for them all.

She did not tell him that she was cutting up her dresses to clothe the twin girls, and sewing busily every leisure moment to keep all the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the year were almost gone, when she spent the last dollar of the week's money while the week was but half gone. Charlie had given her, long ago, some signed checks to meet such an emergency, but it was her pride to think that not one of them had been presented at the bank.

She took one from the desk where they had lain so long and spread it out before her, calculating, with puckers on her pretty face, how small a sum she could make stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I hate to begin," she said, half aloud; "if once we break in upon that money it will melt like the snow before the sun."

There was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew that Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a cent while he had a cent with which he could pay him. So, with a great sigh, she dipped the pen in the ink to fill the bank check. Before it touched the paper, however, she paused, listening. There was a step in the hall that was not that of the nurse or her charges, a voice ringing full and clear, calling—

"Mabel! Where are you, May?"

"Here in my room," she answered.

"Oh, Charlie, what is it?"

For the face at the door was so radiant that all traces of care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May! And yet—perhaps I should feel sorrow, too, only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read the morning's paper?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardner?"

"No; is that the Mr. Gardner who used to be Mr. Mifflin's partner before you went into the store?"

"Yes; he was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Mifflin, except a few legacies. The store will be closed till after the funeral; so we have a three days' holiday, May."

"I am glad you will be able to rest."

"But this is not all. Do you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again."

"More than that, Mr. Mifflin took me to his house this morning and told me all his plans. He will enlarge his business, and take on all his old salesmen who are willing to come. He has given me permission to offer a position to Will Castleton, who has been nearly a year out of employment because he would not accept your theory of 'half a loaf' being better than no bread."

"I know, poor Will! I am afraid that Maria had a worse year than ours has been, Charlie."

"Nor is that all, May."

"More good news still?"

"More still. Mr. Gardner, Mr. Mifflin says, did me some injustice some time by supposing that I would proportion my work to the decrease in my salary. To atone for this he has left me five thousand dollars."

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Hold on, little woman; he also advised Mr. Mifflin in their last interview, to reward me for my faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his late difficulties by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, my Charlie! I must either laugh or cry," said Mabel, almost hysterically.

"Laugh, then, by all means! The new firm of Mifflin & Castleton must not be christened in tears, even happy ones. Hurrah! Who says after this that half a loaf is not better than no bread?"

Strange Wagers.

The London swells are the most in venerate betters in the world. Time hangs so heavily on their hands that in the excitement of uncertainty they find a great relief. A curious bet was made in one of the London clubs some years ago that will perhaps point a moral. It was that a certain member could not within two hours on London bridge sell one hundred new guineas at a penny apiece. The man took his place on the bridge with a little tray on which he had the coins. He informed the passers by that they were genuine gold coins from the Bank of England, and that they were to be had for a penny each. The cartmen and policemen laughed at him. When the time expired, such human incredulity that he had sold but two, which a maid servant bought to amuse her little charges. Another peculiar bet made in London was by a well known barrister, for a large amount, that he could, at a certain hour, block Fleet street in the busiest part of the day and at its narrowest point. Half an hour before the time appointed he took his stand on the opposite side of the street from an insurance office which had a large lion over the door. He was dressed like a neoromancer with a long cloak and wearing a tall, pointed hat and large glasses over his eyes. Under one arm he carried an enormous book and in the other held a large telescope, which he every few minutes pointed at the lion after inspecting the book. People gathered around, and he told them that in the book of Baiderida it was written that in half an hour the lion would wag his tail. Slowly walking up and down, and every few minutes taking a look at the lion through his glass, he attracted the attention of everybody, and the waiting crowd grew every moment denser. The trouble was stopped to see what the trouble all was, and these jammed others until the whole street was crowded and impassable. The barrister slipped away in the crowd, but a most obstinate jam ensued, and it was more than an hour before the police could clear the thoroughfare.

If mankind had capacity equal to its malice we should have no use for the devil.

The \$1,000,000 Telescope.

In *Harper's Magazine*, Simon Newcomb has an interesting article on the great telescope, the largest in the world, which Alvah Clark & Sons are making for the Lick observatory. He states that some one interested in this work went to the shop of Messrs. Clark & Sons with a view of learning whether it was really possible to make a \$1,000,000 telescope. "Suppose we make 'em a telescope—charge 'em \$1,000,000 for it—then they'd have a \$1,000,000 telescope," was the sententious but conclusive reply. The labor already expended upon this great instrument and the time yet to be occupied in its construction are elements which indicate very clearly that its cost could not but be immense. The contract was made in 1880, and was not till 1884 that the object glass was successfully molded. The objective of the telescope is to have thirty six inches clear aperture. The difficulty at the outset was in the casting of the crown glass, which was intrusted to Feil of Paris. When the founder has succeeded in casting his lump of glass, weighing several hundred pounds, the clay pot in which it is contained is broken away. The outside portions of the glass itself, being impregnated with the clay and other impurities, have to be cut away. This is a most tedious process. If any ordinary cutting tool were used, the glass would be apt to fly to pieces. It has to be sawed by a wire working in sand and water. The process of cutting away the outside is one, therefore, involving weeks, if not months of labor. When it is done the mass must be pressed into the shape of a disk, like a very thin grindstone, and in order to do this the lump must first be heated nearly to the melting point, so as to become plastic. But when Feil began to heat his large mass it flew to pieces. In successive attempts he took more and more time for the heating, but broke a dozen or more pieces before he at last succeeded. In February, 1884, he reported that a glass was actually molded, without having been broken, and would soon be ready for shipment. The mechanism for the great tube sixty feet long, in its work of searching the heavens, is yet to be constructed, and from Mr. Newcomb's article it appears that the plans for it are not wholly complete, not is the perfection of the object glass yet assured. After these matters are decided, it will still take two years to finish the telescope.

Cleanliness of Pompeii.

A writer who visited that ancient city of Italy whose marvels seem to be unlimited as excavations proceed, thus describes his impressions:

"Another striking thing is the absolute cleanliness. You may say that the dirt has all been taken away by the Italian government. That is true, but it is quite evident that in the old times it never was there. Our modern houses are not made to be clean, as were the Pompeian residences. The walls, the floors, every corner of their homes, were finished with the most admirable workmanship! In their rooms no plaster ever fell, for it was of such excellent material, and so well put on, that it soon became like marble. They had no wooden walls, no cracks where dust could penetrate. Water for cleansing was found in every part of the house and ran off through perfect drains."

"All the tables and bedsteads were of marble or bronze; and even the well-curbs and the borders of the flower-beds were of hewn stone. Hygiene must have come naturally to the old Pompeian; he evidently had no chance to get typhoid attacks; the only class of diseases he could not provide against were the eruptive, and one of these carried him off at last."—*Ec.*

Baltimore.

R Newtons Parson, of Connecticut, visited our club on Wednesday, the 25th ult., having returned from New York, N. J. He expects to remain in this city for over five weeks, and is canvassing books, saying he does not think he will continue it long. At the club, he spoke about his travels, which were interesting.

Mr. Geo. A. Gallion, of Hartford, Co., Md., is in this city preparing to attend the inauguration. He was at the association. Mr. Parsons visited it, and pleased those present with some interesting stories.

The following is extracted from one of the Baltimore papers:

CHARLEY BURNS' ADVENTURES.

Charley Burns, the runaway boy, who has been the guest of the officers at the Western police station since last Wednesday, will leave for his home near Chicago to-morrow, according to instructions received from his father by Captain Baker. The boy left his home last May in search of the adventures which an intimate acquaintance with the flash literature of the day had inspired him, with a belief he could meet if he were unloosed from the maternal apron-string, and has been wandering about the country ever since. In a few days that he has spent here, he was seen all the town, and in addition to this has written up his adventures in chapters for one of the boy story papers."

Charley Burns was introduced to two of our boys by the above named captain, who happened to be in the locality at that time. After conversing with him for a short time, he said that he has a deaf and dumb brother at Jacksonville, Ill., who is still under the tuition of that institution.

Almost all the members of the club may attend the inauguration. The secretary does not know whether he will be able to leave his office or not, as the paper, he is on is an evening edition.

The Secretary received a report of the proceedings of the first and second Conventions of the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Association, held at Harrisburg and Philadelphia. Many thanks.

The Secretary received a letter from Patrick Dolan, of Harrod's Creek, Ky., and will answer it.

Mr. S. H. Anderson, by the consent of the Crescent Club, a democratic organization of this city, was unanimously allowed to participate in the parade during the inauguration. This club has six hundred men or more in line, and will leave in their special train on the 3d of this month.

North Carolina.

Rev. Job Turner has not yet turned up here in his clerical role, which might have drawn a big house, on account of being the only ordained preacher south of the Mason and Dixon line.

In a letter to a friend in town, he said that he should go farther south to prosecute his work in the Lord's vineyard, probably located somewhere in Florida. Alligators in that neighborhood are respectfully requested to keep decent order so that the reverend gentleman may hold the services undisturbed. They are also requested to help him in his collection by gently reminding the brass-buttoned friends of their behavior.

We have been shown a copy of W. I. Young's report to the North Carolina Legislature. In it we found a remarkable degree of simplicity and clear diction to the Anglo-Saxon language and an inexhaustible fund of useful though dry details, here and there lighted with the lightning of mirth, and wit which is the masterpiece of a genius. The regret we experienced when we struck aground at the finish was that the report was "much too small" for an intellectual treat.

Jesse L. Bunker, with his family, emigrated to Kansas last December. We hope that they may find a cordial reception in the new far West, and succeed beyond their sanguine expectations.

Walter L. Bingham, who has an eye to the useful with the pleasant in any enterprise, has started a cattle ranch on a small scale in Almanaco Co. Forge ahead, Walter, with your laudable pluck. Who knows but you may be the King of ranchers some day in the near future.

A learned gentleman connected with the North Carolina Institution, gave the writer the fatherly advice to study Macaulay in his voluminous works, especially the diction and style of his composition, doubtless with a view of pruning and improving our style. While we entertain a profound respect for such excellent advice, coming from a gentleman of scholarly condition, we beg to differ with him. We are too independent to ape the British classes in their habit of study and thought. No two of them think and write alike; each stamps his peculiar individuality on his literary productions, doubtless giving heed to this proverb: "Variety is the spice of life." Never did Josh Billings philosophize well when he uttered "Arbitrary ideas have a style of their own; U kant separate the one from the other."

"Toot de horn dis way, if you please. Ahem!"

SCUDDER.

Connecticut News.

J. M. Allen, President of the Steam Boiler Insurance Co., at Hartford, who had been steward of the Institution from 1855 to 1862, delivered an interesting lecture about insurance, in Bridgeport recently.

W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, has been to Norwich to officiate before the mutes there on the Sabbath.

Mrs. John W. Pratt joined her husband in Middletown last week, after several weeks' visit in New York.

Mr. C. Enslie, of Southington, it is officially announced, will be married in May. The *JOURNAL* correspondent extends congratulations to him.

New Britain was visited by a very great fire last Saturday. One of the stores where Mr. R. D. Livingstone is employed as a book-keeper was so badly damaged. The ruins have been visited by people of different places, and these noticeable persons were Jno. W. Pratt, of Middletown, John Muth, of Meriden, P. Dougherty and O'Brien, of Hartford.

Peter Geisler, of Meriden, has been sick for nearly a month, but is getting well.

At the Institution, a reception was given on Monday, the 23d ult., in honor of Washington's birthday. Many visitors were present.

A grand party somewhere in Connecticut will be given in a few weeks. The *JOURNAL* correspondent will know in a few days what date and where.

W. D. Munger, of Bridgeport, met the *JOURNAL* reporter in Hartford, and he said that he had a jolly time at the recent Worcester Levee.

Leroy B. Deming, of Farmington, met with another accident last Sunday. He slipped down, and broke his left arm on his way to Farmington from New Britain, where he visited the ruins.

Mr. William Cook, of New Britain, secured a better house recently.

The *JOURNAL* reporter received "Dr. Nicholson's Patented Artificial Ear Drum Treatise" from Brooklyn, N. Y. We don't know if it is good.

DEAD UNDER A CLIFF.

THE BODY OF MARY WELCH, OF LYNN, FOUND FROZEN TO THE GROUND.

MALDEN, February 28.—The body of a woman was found on Baker's Hill, in the rear of Philip Mezer's house, 104 Salem street, this forenoon. It was removed to the ware-rooms of Undertaker Jacobs, where a large number of people viewed the remains. The woman was about 35 years of age, medium size, rather stout, and had black curly hair. The body was found under the shelving of a cliff of rocks, and was but thinly clad. An old, worn-out shawl was spread beneath the head, which was uncovered, and one of the feet was bare and the other covered with a stocking. The body was frozen to the ground, and had probably lain where it was found for several weeks.

The body was identified to-night by the woman's daughter, who came from Lynn with her cousin, and at once recognized the body of her mother. During the afternoon, while the body was at the rooms of the undertaker, the officers discovered that the description was identical with that sent by the deputy marshal of Lynn to the several towns and cities in the vicinity, and which read as follows:

MISSING.

Mary Welch left her home in Lynn, January 13, 1885, since which time she has not been heard from. Age 40; deaf and dumb; had on light shawl, blue skirt, straw hat, black feather; dark complexion, dark hair; short and stout.

The woman's husband is named Edward Welch, but how much of a family there is could not be ascertained. Two years ago the woman was sent to the Danvers Insane Asylum, where she remained about six months. After leaving that institution, she strayed away and was found after several days in Holliston. It is thought that when she left her home January 13th, she walked as far as Malden, and during the night laid down under the ledge. Medical Examiner Sullivan made an examination of the body, and found no marks of violence or bruises of any kind, and decided that the woman died from exposure. The body will be removed to Lynn to the family to-morrow.

The hardest man to shake from the ladder is the one who mounts a round at time.

There are lots of people who never know anything until they run against it, and then they know too much.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

PROF. A. GRAHAM BELL HAS SENT us a copy of a paper which he has presented to the Committees on Education of the Senate and Assembly of the Legislature of Wisconsin. It is a bill for the establishment of day schools for the deaf in incorporated cities and villages. The petition sets forth that the present system of deaf-mute education does not meet the necessities of the deaf and dumb. In the first place, the institution at Delaware is not one-half large enough to accommodate all the deaf-mute children of school age in the State. Also, it does not meet the requirements of the educational law, which allows every child the benefits of a free education from the years of four to twenty, whereas the institution admits pupils at the age of ten years and over. This, the bill argues, debar deaf children of educational advantages at the most impressionable period of life. Another argument advanced in favor of decentralization is that it would be eminently favorable for the cultivation of speech and lip reading.

Prof Bell seems to be as great an enthusiast on the subject of day schools as he is on the universal application of the oral system. We doubt not but there will be plenty of counter-argument before the Legislature which will show the matter in a different light. For our part, we do not see how deaf-mute children of four years of age could find their way to a day school, without some one to lead them to and from the school every day. In cities, it would be very unwise to allow children of tender years to travel the streets unprotected, and, in the country, it would seem impossible to go and return from a school which must in many cases be several miles from their residences. Instead of assisting the early education of the deaf, we think the day school system would tend to retard it. Parents would probably hear about the schools, but they would naturally postpone sending their children until they were old enough to go without special protectors. The mother of a very young deaf-mute child would undoubtedly prefer to place him in the care of a well-regulated institution, rather than risk the danger of having her offspring trampled beneath the feet of horses or hurled into eternity by the cars, while on his daily journey to or from the school.

Another objection to the establishment of day schools, is that the education of the children would devolve on teachers whose opportunities for being skilled were very limited, and who would be obliged to rely solely on their own ingenuity when cases of special obstinacy presented themselves. There would be no opportunity for consultation with teachers of like classes, which would deteriorate from the effectiveness of the school. In our common and grammar schools of this city, we find complaints that the partially deaf are neglected—that their peculiar conditions are not properly provided for. If the partially deaf are thus neglected, how much more so would be the totally deaf. We do not presume to argue the whole matter touched upon in Prof. Bell's bill to the Wisconsin Legislature, neither do we feel competent to do so. But we present the above, which we believe to be insuperable objections. If there is any plan by which these unfavorable conditions may be met and counteracted, we would be glad to be enlightened.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Alex. Meisel, of New York, went to Washington last Monday. He will return on Friday.

"Deau" Barnes has at last done something to be proud of. He is engaged to Miss Lizzie Noble. The marriage will take place in the spring.

Miss Emily Wells, of the Jam Club, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap, of Jersey City, a few Sundays ago.

Stephen Sinclair, the Beat Brumwell of the High Class of 1873, is prospering in New York. Among his wealth are fifteen rings of different sizes.

"Solid Muldoon," of Denver, Colorado, will shortly send a batch of interesting news to the JOURNAL, for the edification of its readers.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to hold services for deaf-mutes in all Saint's Church, Providence, on Sunday, March 8th.

It is said that the strongest deaf-mute in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, or Canada, is William Dolph, of Wymart, Pa. He is a carpenter by trade.

On the 28th of February, Mr. Francis Boller, of New York, sailed for Austria, where he will stay for two months visiting his parents, for the first time in eight years.

The grain belonging to Mrs. W. Farrar, of Del Rapids, Dakota, was damaged by a cyclone on the 21st of last July. She has twenty-seven cattle the fat ones of which she intends to sell.

J. J. Smith, of St. Louis, will play the role of a tenderfoot out in the mountains of Colorado, this coming summer; but will, within a year or so, return to his native home with his clothes filled with silver and gold, which will no doubt make his neighbors tremble with sheer envy.

Mr. C. W. Scipp, of Baltimore, can obtain a situation in the far West, at \$2.50 per day, with excellent prospects of promotion, by publishing his present address through the medium of the JOURNAL. The sooner the better for him.

Mr. Messrs Heyman, of New York, and Miss Nettie Weil, of Plymouth, Pa., were married on Tuesday, March 3d, at the home of the bride's parents. After the ceremony, the happy couple started on a wedding tour to Niagara Falls and other places.

John A. Edmunds, of South Bethlehem, Pa., would like to challenge any mite to swim one hundred yards in cold water for a purse of \$25. He is on his sick list at present, having a severe cold in his head.

A deaf-burger of this city has been convicted of burglary in Judge Murphy's court. The T. C. recommends that the culprit be stricken dumb and set at liberty. To be deaf and dumb and a barber will be punishment enough.—San Francisco News-Letter.

On Sunday, 22d of February, Mr. John B. Myers from Rocking Spring, Md., had a pleasant sleigh ride to State Line, Pa., with Mrs. Dashiell and Miss Hannah K. Hess, visiting H. E. Brumbaugh's father. Mr. Brumbaugh had five silent friends surrounding his board, and a real enjoyable and pleasant time was had. The number was increased by the presence of John Hess.

James Sullivan, of Sheboygan, is a mean man. His only daughter became deaf, while she was learning to play the piano. After her affliction she continued to play. He had the mechanism of the instrument altered so that the keys would not strike the wires, and it is a singular fact that when Miss Sullivan plays for company in her own parlors no one receives more applause than she.—Morning Journal, February 23.

A beautiful young lady in Auburn, Me., of great attainments, will soon be married to a deaf and dumb gentleman who lives in New York. He is a highly educated man, and the ladies call him very handsome. His betrothed has learned the hand language so well that she converses with him as easily as with anybody. The history of their engagement is quite a romance.—Levinston (Me.) Journal.

DEAF-MUTES' CRIME.

Berke, Feb. 25, 1885.—At Wolheim, in the cautions of Aargau, a conflagration, recalling the recent hospital fire near Philadelphia, destroyed the building of the Asylum for Indigents. It was fired by a deaf and dumb inmate. Five corpses have already been taken out and a number of the inmates have not yet been accounted for.—N. Y. Herald, Feb. 26.

"TALKED LIKE A CANARY."

With her face bathed in tears, Martha Van Culliver, who tried to hang herself in Charles street station house cell on Wednesday night, begged Justice Welde in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday to let her go. She said she did not know what she was doing when she fastened her handkerchief about her throat. The young woman had been arrested on charge of stealing some jewelry from Mrs. Hattie Lathrop, of No. 292 West Fifty-second street, by whom she was employed as a domestic in December last. The complaint was not in court, so Sergeant Crocker made a charge of attempted suicide against the prisoner.

"I have been an artist, and have seen better days," murmured the accused: "I am poor now, but I could not steal." "Artist?" repeated the sergeant, unbelieving. "Why, the doctors at Bellevue tell me, Judge, this woman came there as a deaf-mute four years ago, and stood all tests until made half unconscious. Then she talked like a canary. I think she is a fraud." "She looks like a woman who was before me nine months ago for stealing," remarked the Justice.

The prisoner insisted that she had never seen the Justice before, and pleaded hard to be released, but she was held on the sergeant's complaint. He had cut her down in the cell.

DIED.

In Randolph, Mass., Feb. 12th, Robert Acheson, aged 27 years.

RHODE ISLAND.

On Saturday evening, upon invitation, we found Mr. A. L. Pach comfortably installed in his elegantly furnished apartments on Westminster Street, the principal thoroughfare in Providence. We found him to be a young gentleman of pleasant address. He is about 5 feet 7 inches, has a little nose moustache (just the one the ladies admire) and light side whiskers, and I should say, is 21. A pair of glasses adorned his face. After handing cigarettes around, the host showed us many photographs of deaf-mutes, which we took special delight in seeing. We were strongly struck with the fact that "time changes." For instance, Mr. Pach showed us a cabinet photograph of a group of the fair ladies comprising the "Jam Club." It revealed that the club, so frequently spoken about in the JOURNAL, had really beautiful girls. We could recognize but one (the tall lady, in a white dress and with the shield), but when acquainted with the names of some, we remembered them as very little and thoughtless. We noticed a very neat file of the JOURNAL he keeps. After taking a pleasant stroll on the street, we found ourselves in the society's rooms, where a good lecture was given. I will refrain from writing about the lecture and lecturer, as Mr. Pach will report it undoubtedly, because opinions from an outsider are eagerly looked for.

Mr. Pach likes Providence very well. Daniel, son of Mrs. Follett, is very sick with lung fever. Being very popular with the mutes, they sympathize with her, and pray that his life may be spared.

Mrs. C. W. Mowry has a very sore eye, and is kept in a dark room. Alex. Pach will give an illustrated lecture on photography, upon request of the mutes. It will be given in two weeks. It is hoped that there will be a large gathering.

There were three entries for the prize to be awarded to the most proficient performer on the parallel bars, viz., Brookmire, '85; Hyde, '88; and Schwartz, '89. All three did good work, and were rewarded with frequent applause, but the ease with which Brookmire handled himself left no doubt as to who would prove the victor.

Messrs. Long and Schwartz then stepped forward and proceeded to show how much they knew about the many art of boxing. Several ladies among the audience, who had been present at the late theatrical entertainment, recognized them as "the twins," and greeted them with a round of applause, which confused them so badly that they forgot to mind their feet. As a result, Long soon fell over himself, and measured his length on the floor. His head striking clear of the mattress, he was so badly stunned that it was necessary to carry him off, but a little cold water soon revived him sufficiently to say that he had been knocked sensible, and would never more aspire to be a disciple of Boston's muscular son.

The contestants for the club-swinging prize were Messrs. Morrow, '85; Dantzer, '86; Hanson, '86; and Lynch, '86. All of them showed the effect of long and careful practice, and it was beautiful to see with what grace and ease, and in what a variety of complicated movements they swung the clubs. There was considerable doubt up to the time, when the judges gave their decision as to who would be the winner. Lynch was so unfortunate as to hit himself such a severe blow under the chin that one of his molars was broken short off, but not a muscle showed that he felt it, and probably very few among the audience knew of the accident. He suffered excruciating pain from the bare nerve, but a doctor made it O. K. next day.

After the club-swinging came feats on the horizontal-bar by Brookmire, '85, and Berg, '86, and after that the vaulting contest between Messrs. James, '89, and Dobson, '89, which was won by James after a hard fight. Height—six feet, five inches.

By far, the most exciting event was the high-jump contest between Morrow, '85, Brookmire, '85, and James, '89. Although, on several previous occasions, Morrow had beaten all others, he soon gave out, and was forced to retire. As the cord was raised higher and higher, the applause became louder and louder till the gas jets quivered with the noise, and the air was redolent with perfume from the waving of a hundred dainty handkerchiefs. Brookmire finally won by half an inch. Height 4 feet, 11 1/2 inches.

Hyde, '88, and Hofstetter, '89, were to have competed for the prize offered for performance on the rings, but the latter, having strained a muscle, could not come to the scratch, and Dobson, '79, took his place. As Dobson had had no training, Hyde won easily.

The club swinging in concert by a class of twenty students, led by Adam, '86, was probably the most interesting feature of the evening to the greater part of the audience. The class is said to be the largest and best drilled one extant, and much credit is due Mr. Adams, who started it, and brought it into its present good form.

The tug-of-war between the five classes came last, and was hotly contested. Brookmire, Davidson, Kerney and Morrow represented '85; Berg, Dantzer, Hanson, and Lynch, '86; Cleary, Comstock, McCarthy, and Duncan, '87; Boland, Goldberg, Hyde, and Standacher, '88; and Day, Dobson, Hemstreet and James, '89. '89 won after a severe struggle.

Prof. Hotchkiss then distributed the prizes as follows:— For pull-up, to James, '89, a silver pocket, fruit knife, and nut-pick. For ladders, to Standacher, '88, a silver pocket fruit-knife.

THE PRESIDENT'S LECTURE.

Brevities.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Old Probs. was in a most unpropitious mood Friday evening. The moon was playing peek-a-boo among thick banks of clouds. The roads leading to the college were buried under an accumulation of snow, water, mud and slush; the air was heavy with mist, and in short, it was one of the most disagreeable evenings of an unusually disagreeable season, yet, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the gallery of Gymnasium Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with ladies, and the floor below was covered with gentlemen at eight o'clock; the hour announced for the Second Annual Gymnastic Exhibition to commence.

The exhibition opened with the usual drill at the chest-weights, after which came the dumb bell drill, led by Captain Hasenstab, J. H. Clond acting as drummer. The drill, and the marching which followed, were unusually well performed, and elicited much applause.

The third event down on the programme was the pull up contest between Berg, '86; James, '89; and Day, '89. James, having defeated both the others, was declared victor. Meanwhile Dantzer, '86; Standacher, '88; Dobson, '89; and Spahr, '89, were spreading themselves in competition for the prize offered for feats on the ladders.

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ONE OF THE PARTY.

NOTICES.

Services in the signs will be held (D.V.) on Sunday, March 8th, as follows: At 11 a.m. in Trinity chapel, Rector street near Broad, Newark, N. J. At 2:30 p.m., in Christ church, Brooklyn, E. D., followed by a session of the Bible class; our people will notice that we meet in the church at 2:30 p.m. on all Sundays excepting the first Sunday in every month.

Philadelphia—As usual, Home services will be held every Friday during Lent, from 8 to 9 o'clock, at different houses in turn.

March 6, at Mrs. VanCourt's, 1119 Ogden St.

March 13, at Mr. Slifer's, 1940 North 4th St.

All are cordially invited to attend.

H. W. STYLE.

GALLAUDET CLUB.

March 2, 1885.

After date, the Gallaudet Club room will be in No. 25, East 14 Street, Room 7.

A regular meeting of the Club will be held March 6th, at eight o'clock P.M.

By order of the President.

C. R. THOMPSON,

Secretary pro tem.

REV. DR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mar. 1. Detroit.—Services.

" 4. Mansfield, O.

" 8. St. Louis, Mo.

" 12. Cleveland.

" 15. Pittsburg.—Confirmation.

" 16. McKeesport, Pa.

" 19. Cleveland, O.

" 22. Columbus, "

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Gymnasium Night

THE PRESIDENT'S LECTURE.

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The exhibition opened with the usual drill at the chest-weights, after which came the dumb bell drill, led by Captain Hasenstab, J. H. Clond acting as drummer. The drill, and the marching which followed, were unusually well performed, and elicited much applause.

The third event down on the programme was the pull up contest between Berg, '86; James, '89; and Day, '89. James, having defeated both the others, was declared victor. Meanwhile Dantzer, '86; Standacher, '88; Dobson, '89; and Spahr, '89, were spreading themselves in competition for the prize offered for feats on the ladders.

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For parallel-bars, to Brookmire, '85, a silver headed cane.

For club-swinging, to Hanson, '86, a pair of Indian clubs.

For horizontal-bar, to Brookmire, '85, a nickel-plated clock.

For vaulting, to James, '89, a silver match box.

For high-jump, to Brookmire, '85, a silver napkin ring.

For rings, to Hyde, '88, a silver napkin ring.

For tug-of-war, to Class of '89, a pewter mug.

The following maxima and minima of the anthropometrical statistics for the college year 1884-5 were printed on the back of the programme:—

Table with 3 columns: Description, Class, and Measurement. Includes rows for oldest man, youngest man, heaviest man, lightest man, tallest man, shortest man, largest chest, smallest chest, largest arm, smallest arm, largest forearm, smallest forearm, greatest pull, smallest pull, greatest push, smallest push.

PRESIDENT GALLAUDET'S LECTURE.

President Gallaudet occupied the chapel platform yesterday afternoon, and treated the inhabitants of the Green to a lecture that was remarkable for the sound and enlightened sentiments expressed. His text, which was taken from the "Apostles Creed," as found in the book of Common Prayers, was "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

He reviewed the history of religion in the world, and showed how much importance was formerly attached to the time, place and manner of worship, spoke of the elaborate ceremony of the Jewish religion, and said that we had, in the reply of Christ to the woman of Samaria, the true keynote of the religion of the future. His words were, "Woman believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in the mountains nor at Jerusalem, worship the father as ye have done." But the hour cometh and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship Him." The teachings of Christ and the apostles, he showed by quotations from the Bible, were consistent with this declaration, but said that the force of long habit had kept shackles on the minds of man, and we read in history how men assuming to speak for God, have insisted on the acceptance of certain creeds and dogmas, rights and ceremonies, and the especial sanctity of certain places and in furtherance of their views, have shed rivers of innocent blood, hurried their fellows to the stake and gallows, and inflicted the most cruel tortures. He quoted the words uttered by Chancellor L' Hospital at the opening of the States General of France in 1560. Among other things the Chancellor said "Let us remove those diabolical words, no names of factions and seditions, Lutherans, Huguenots and Papists, and let us retain only the Christians." The President showed how the intolerance of Christians had been productive of infidelity and skepticism. One of the cornerstones of our republic is religious toleration, but, while recognized officially, it has, by no means, universal sway over sects and individuals, but as evidenced by Evangelical Alliances, Sunday School Unions, and various benevolent societies, it is gaining ground. Dr. Gallaudet quoted from a letter written to President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, by a Roman Catholic friend, the following paragraph: "I sincerely hope to see your prediction as to all Christian forces come true. Life is too short, and there is too much good to be done to have any force or energy wasted in barren controversy." This tendency points to the future existence of a comprehensive and united religion, "a Holy Catholic Church" which means a Holy universal Church, not that any one sect will absorb all others, but that all sects will join hands in Christian love and fellowship. The creed of such a church would probably be that adopted by Franklin one hundred years ago. "I believe that there is one God, the creator of the universe. That He governs it by His Providence. That the most acceptable service we render Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this." Regarding those who had never heard of Christ, and those who could not conscientiously believe in Christ, the President thought they would be judged by their works. In conclusion, he said: "Finally, let us who are here at work as teachers and students feel how glorious it is for us to be a member of the Holy Universal Church, each treating kindly the particular tenets and practices of the other organization to which the other may happen to belong, and if any doubts or difficulties about this or that doctrine or requirement of some sect or another, let us stand firm in the postulates God, Soul, and Immortality."

"Do any feel impelled to wander out into the dark wilderness of agnosticism—remember what the Great Teacher said, when the Jews wondered that one who had never learned should assume to teach a new doctrine:—'My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.'"

"It is only in the doing of God's will

that man can secure for himself that Faith which has given civilization to the world, which makes the present life worth living, and offers a promise of the true and enduring and perfect Life that is to come hereafter."

CINCINNATI.

Our New Hall.

THE PICNIC ON JULY 18.

Local and Personal Notes.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

The Anderson Society has at last secured a hall for its meetings. It is in the third story of the Pendury Hall, 192 West 5th Street. It is a very commodious hall, and has all conveniences of a meeting hall of the latest pattern. The members seem to be highly pleased with the new quarters.

A Stenmerding was added to the membership list, and more are expected to follow suit.

John Hahn delivered a lecture last Saturday night before the Society. His subject was his trip to the South last Christmas. He recounted his adventures in alligator hunting on the St. John River, Fla., and his visit to the deaf-mute schools at Cave Spring, Georgia, and Knoxville, Tenn.

The sixth annual picnic of the Anderson Society will be held at the same favorite hill top—the Bellevue House—on Saturday, July 18th, 1885.

Basil Duke Scott, a fine looking mute, of Maysville, Ky., stopped in this city a day or two recently, while en route for Missouri to see his parents.

Frank Chrisman paid a flying visit to his parents near Louisville last week, and is now back at his cases picking type.

For the information of the sprightly St. Louis correspondent, "Jim-Jams," we have not yet seen Mr. McQuown you referred to in your letter to the JOURNAL. If he is in this city, let him turn up and he will be welcomed, unless he has got a dynamite box with him.

The Baltimore correspondent of the JOURNAL has been unnecessarily exercised about Pat Dolan. Why, he is a nice and respectable mute gentleman, graduated at the Danville Institution, and is now working on a farm at Harrod Creek, some miles out from Louisville. What is the harm in his asking for a book of the constitution of every society in the world? Send him one.

Pat Casey, of Carroll County, Ky., planted his mammoth boots in this city last week. He went to see his girl and other sights, and went home a happy man. J. Mitchell Zimpher, a graduate of the Columbus School, and hailing from Northern Ohio, sojourned two or three weeks in this city, and returned home last week. He talks of going to Texas and turning cowboy.

Chas. Binz was disabled from work last week by a severe cut on his hand. The only son of Martin Turner, aged seventeen years, is seriously sick, and some uneasiness is felt about his recovery.

Leo. Ruum, the cigar-maker, is back at home, the seab shop at Miamisburg, O., having been broken up.

MERCURY. Feb. 27, 1885.

Indiana.

Miss Ida Thompson, of Mulberry, is now visiting mute friends at Owaseo.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Arnot, the Misses Ida Thompson and Mary Pangburn, spent last Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Moss. They report a good time.

The grandfather of Mr. Odes Rinker died on Monday, January 19th, 1885. He was seventy-four years of age, and was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Burlington.

Odes Rinker has rented his farm with the intention of traveling and visiting friends.

Jacob Arnot will move his family to Mr. Odes Rinker's farm by the first of March. The mutes said they were real glad. He is a boss farmer.

The engagement of Mr. John Fox, of Lafayette, and Miss Annie Thompson, of Frankfort, is announced.

The wedding will take place in the fall.

Mr. Eddie Moss's brother is going to Waterloo, Iowa. He can talk by the signs as good as the mutes. He does not expect to come back till fall.

BOONE.

"H. C." ALUMNI.

DEAR EDITOR:—An Alumni Association of the "H. C. of Old Fanwood," is just the thing we need, and the sooner Clement R. Thomson makes the few preliminary moves, looking to an organization of the kind, the better it will be for all.

As one of the "boys," who call that venerable "Castle of Silence" on Washington Heights *alma mater*, it will not be out of the way to suggest that Mr. Thomson call a meeting of the alumni who live in New York City, and near vicinity, and with their aid, and from them, select a committee to make all further arrangements for a "gathering of the class" next summer.

If an Alumni Association of the "H. C." is formed, it should be such an association, in fact as well as in name. Now, it is well known that many mutes, who have gone through, but a partial course of study in the H. C., claim to be *bona fide* graduates of that class. Such the writer would exclude from the association, and only those holding a diploma, showing that they have passed through a three

years' course of study in the "H. C.," should be admitted to membership.

Many may consider such a rule hard, but the writer believes it is right, and so makes the suggestion.

But can there be two successful meetings or conventions of mutes of this State during the coming summer? I think not, and as an *alumnus* of the "H. C.," and also as a member of the Empire State Association, I propose that the latter society be abolished, and all money and property belonging to it be given—the lucre to the "Building Fund," and what is left to the "Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes." To my thinking, this is the best that can be done with the Empire State Association. It has lived beyond its time, as the conventions which it has held within the past eight years clearly prove. A more progressive association is needed, and such a one can be formed of "H. C." graduates, which will be an honor both to New York State and their *alma mater*.

FANWOOD, '79.

NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR EDITOR:—There was an exhibition in the North Carolina Institution lately. Every thing was performed with the Articulation Class, who showed up so well that the members of the Legislature condemned the trial of articulation in the school as a flat failure. Well, articulation must go.

W. J. Young, the principal of the Institution, is confined to his bed, and there is doubt of his recovery. We hope we will recover.

The Board of Trustees of the Institution held its monthly meeting last week. Some of them accused Prof. John E. Ray with injustice for his attempting to seize the principality of the Institution. Prof. Ray had never done such a thing, and sent his resignation to the Board of Trustees. The Trustees, finding themselves mistaken, did not accept his resignation. Prof. Ray is a well-known churchman, and a dutiful and revered teacher.

It is said that Mr. William Holt, the well-known deaf-mute shoemaker, has turned a new leaf, and returned to his wife and children.

We shall be pleased to see Mr. Frank Lindsay when he comes to pay us a visit.

Chicken stealing in Raleigh, N. C., has always been a favorite with negroes, who make it a special business preferable to honest hard work. Professors Tom Tillinghast and David Tillinghast, and lament over their losses of chickens some nights ago.

Messrs. John Clontz and James Holt, having ascertained hog raising more profitable than poultry keeping, began raising some young pigs.

Mr. Thomas Williams, of Warrenton, was seen in this city lately on business, probably, with an idea of wife hunting. He is a wealthy cotton planter.

We were happily surprised by the appearance of Mr. Walter L. Bingham, who came here on business. He enjoys robust health, plantation life, and meets some success in cattle trading. He reported a tough time in crossing the country from the Alps of North Carolina to Bingham School—the distance is three hundred miles—through a blizzard, in a wagon with a span of mules. Mr. Jefferson Clontz was the driver, and displayed some wonderful skill in driving the mules over dangerous places. Jeff. is working on Walter's plantation.

Miss Lizzie B. Turlington was called home to see her dying mother. Finding her mother improving, she returned to the Institution and resumed her culinary duties.

Mr. John W. Clontz is recovering from his illness and gaining flesh daily.

What has become of "Yar"? He contemplated going to the prairies of the Lone Star State to adopt the frontier life. He was seen studying "One-eyed Zeke the Scout, or Dick the Desperado, sort of literature, so as to know how to "paint a humble village red." His head may be cracked from the result of a broken engagement, we fear. We want to know if it is true, so we can publish a public correction of a circulating rumor.

W. L. Bingham intended to attend the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union's reception and the pantomimic entertainment at Fanwood, but he was unfortunately prevented by sickness.

LITTLE TAR HEEL.

The Brooklyn Society.

The Brooklyn Society held its regular meeting at its room last Wednesday evening, and among the various business transacted were the expulsion of one member for contempt and non-payment of dues, and the appointment of Mr. Ijams, a committee to see the late president of the association, and request the return of a sum of money which its committee had collected for aid of the Misses Ballagh's proposed school for mutes in Japan, and which he had up to the present time failed to give to Dr. Peet or return to the association, although repeatedly requested to do one or the other.

On the 18th inst., an interesting debate ensued, the question being: "Are trades unions beneficial to the working men?"

Two mutes, living in this city, who have for a long time been out of work, have now secured employment, one as a piano maker at Lohmer and Co.'s factory, and the other in the carpet department of Denning & Co.

According to a recent report of the Treasurer of the Brooklyn Society, it has from its organization up to the present time, collected \$342.62 and expended \$283.64, leaving a balance in hand of \$59.04. Pretty well done for a new society.

LUDWIG.

San Francisco, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR:—Rollin Wells is the man who knows how to catch flounders, sea perch, salmon trout, Tom and rook cods. One day he caught eighteen flounders, and his friend took two. The fish weighed twenty-two pounds. The other day he hooked fourteen perch and his dear wife pulled up eleven, which weighed twenty pounds. If any Eastern mutes visit California, they should not fail to visit the famous fat fisherman and have a grand time with him.

Mr. P. P. Quinn, a mute painter, hailing from Ireland and Canada, obtained a position at the car-shop in Sacramento City, Cal. He is doing well and also his family. He is a man of fine culture, and he can talk about his travels all day without ceasing.

Mr. Mauser, formerly of Jacksonville, Ill., is a mute turner and cabinet maker, and is getting along well. He is in Sacramento City.

Mrs. Casey, nee Miss Katie Theobald, a mute, is in Sacramento City, keeping house. She has a smart child. Her eldest boy died. Her speaking husband, who works in a railroad shop, is prosperous.

Mrs. Theobald, nee Miss Louisa Willits, a mute living on a small rented ranch, three miles from Elk Grove, has four children. Her speaking husband works for the farmers by the day, and is doing well.

CALIFORNIA BEAR. February 18, 1885.

Richmond, Va.

DEAR EDITOR:—Rev. Job Turner was in this city on his way to Staunton, Va., last month.

An old deaf and dumb man, whose name is unknown, was in this city, selling pens two weeks ago.

Mr. Joseph Cheatham, of Manchester, Va., is yet working in the Old Dominion Iron Nail Works, on the famous Belle Isle in the James River, where the Federal soldiers were taken prisoners; and also Mr. Childs, at the Richmond Cedar Works.

Mr. Charles H. Bottenwiser can you give a job to one of the deaf-mutes of this city, who is still out of employment on account of dullness?

It is said that Mr. Crowl, of Staunton, Va., who has never seen any other place in all his life, may be here soon.

Mr. James Moylan, of Baltimore, is in this city, spending the holidays, and contemplates going to Washington to attend the inauguration of President Cleveland.

Maybe Rev. Job Turner will go to his old home in Staunton, by the 10th of next month.

Miss Annie V. Gibboney, of Wytheville, Va., is in this city, stopping at her sister's residence, and contemplates going to Washington and Baltimore on a visit very soon.

JOS. H. HEEKE. February 22, 1885.

Orange, N. J.

The deaf-mutes of Newark and its vicinity have been remarkably quiet this winter. I suppose that the hard times make them so. When the times are busy, they will appear in every direction.

Mr. John Bennett was in Orange some days, stopping at his married daughter's, Mrs. Peterson. He has been improving in health. The attacks of ague and fever are getting scarce. He is getting heavy, and looks much better. He hopes to be at the meeting of the New Jersey Society in a week or two. He has a notion of asking to be admitted as a member of it. He has been always interested in its success. I hope its foundation will be strong by the election of new officers. Its time is approaching fast. I hope the members will stick to it yet. If they should break up forever, it will look very bad for them, because they need much discipline before they manage their business successfully.

Last Saturday, Mrs. P. O. Bowditch called on Mrs. John Bennett, and is always satisfied after chatting with her.

Miss Lizzie L. Hewlings took a hard walk on the muddy road to see Miss Mary L. Bennett. She will leave Mrs. Katie Johnson, as soon as she gets another place. She has been only a temporary help to her.

Mr. Genung called Mr. Frank C. Lennox back to work for him. I hope he will have a steady job in the office. He is trying to make more of a man of himself. That is right.

The times have been pretty dull with the deaf-mutes of Orange, but they have been doing as well as they can. They will be very busy as soon as the spring commences.

The members of the New Jersey Society will do well to invite Mr. John Bennett to lecture before them. He has not been there since its organization.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

March 2, 85.

Brick Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

BULLETIN No. 21.

Feb. 1st, Thomas Godfrey, 50
" " Lily Price, 2 20
" " Mrs. H. F. F. F., 5 30
" 4th, John J. Ramsey, 2 50
" 23d, Fred Doenges, 2 50

The fund now amounted to \$1,065.13.
*Mr. Godfrey subscribes a certain amount every week.

CLEMENT R. THOMPSON,
22 East 21 St., N. Y.
Secretary and Treasurer.

Fools will bite on anything like frog in a puddle. You can catch them and throw them back again as soon as you please.

ST. LOUIS.

A Fatal Poisoning Case and Its Outcome.

The Deaf-Mute Club's First Debate.

STRAY NOTES.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

The following article appeared in the St. Louis Republican a little over a week ago, but not having been able to secure a copy of it before, we are a little tardy in sending it; however, it is not stale yet, and not having appeared in the JOURNAL, yet will probably attract a little attention:

A sad case of accidental poisoning was reported to the coroner yesterday morning, the victims being four children living at 1122 South Broadway. The father of two of the boys, John Meyers, is a mute, and during the past few months he has not been regularly employed and the result is that the family has been reduced to extreme destitution. Two months ago Mr. Meyers was given some coarse flour by Mr. Rodokopp, who keeps a grocery store at 302 Cent street. He used the waste flour for paste and it was left untouched in the house until Thursday evening. Living in the house with Mrs. Meyers, also a mute, are the children, the head of which is also a mute. Friday night Peter and Willie Meyers, aged respectively 15 and 5 years, took down the waste flour and invited their father to eat with them. The children were taken violently sick and physicians were summoned by the frantic parents. The lives of the three oldest were saved, but the little mute, Peter Rodokopp, died about 10 o'clock in the morning.

An inquest was held by the coroner. Fredrick Knott testified that he was a grocer and lived at 302 Cent street. About two months ago he gave a put in a half a spoonful of yeast powder and some salt and water, and then after allowing it to rise he baked it. When it was done it was very heavy and thick. The witness took a bite and gave some to his sister and the two Rodokopp boys. They did not eat much and soon all were taken violently sick. A physician was summoned, but the child, Rodokopp, the youngest child, died in a few minutes.

Dr. Bowler testified that the symptoms resembled arsenic poisoning. He administered emetics, but the child died. The witness also testified that she was in charge of her father's house and as the boys got hungry one of them took the waste flour out of the bag and began to make a cake. After it was baked she took a bite, and the boys ate it nearly all up. Chas. Rodokopp, who died, was a mute.

The coroner intended to examine the vest, and the verdict was deferred until to-day. The theory is that the rat poison sifted through the flour sacks into the flour.

Mr. Rodokopp is not considered a desirable acquaintance by our mutes who, as a general rule, give him a wide berth, and he also seems not to be over anxious to mingle with respectable mutes, as he is only seen in company with a couple of "off colored" mutes; likewise, the aforesaid Rodokopp is very ugly tempered and the slightest fancied wrong done him sets him "on his ear" and nothing short of gore and the liver of the offending person will appease his wrath. It seems then that unless Mr. Meyers (whom hardly any one heard of before) carries a pocket galling gun and keeps his eyes peeled, it is not unlikely he may need an undertaker before many moons have waned. We are on the ragged edge of suspense pending further developments in this case.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club held its first debate Thursday evening at the Y. M. C. A. parlors. The subject and affirmative and negative sides were chosen a few weeks ago, and since that time the opposing factions have been stuffing their craniums with every thing that was likely to help their side in the wordy war; and the store of wisdom they turned loose on our defenseless heads simply paralyzed every one. The subject of debate was: "Which is the most destructive—fire or water?" Messrs. D. A. Simpson and J. J. Smith championed "fire," and Messrs. W. E. Guss and Will Stafford stood up manfully for "water."

The debate was close and exciting—in fact, honors were easy between both sides; though a vote showed 7 members for fire and 6 for water. A number of the members abstained from voting, being unable to tell which side was the upper dog in the contest. The attendance of member and outsiders of the sterner sex was first class, but the fair ones didn't number more than a corporal's guard, which is accounted for by the bitterly cold weather prevailing that evening. The debate was such a pronounced success that another one will assuredly be held soon.

We suggest the boys tackle the following easy conundrum next time. "Which can butt hardest, a goat or a ram?" and the boys experiment with one of each species to decide the knotty point. Should the club decide to accept our proposition, we will furnish a couple of cigar boxes free of charge to put what is left of the affirmative and negative sides in.

Mr. Gerhold the father of Mrs. Mathilda Campbell (whose probable death we mentioned a couple weeks ago) died on Monday evening of this week, and was buried Wednesday in the beautiful city of the dead—Bellefontaine Cemetery. His funeral was very large, in spite of the cold weather, as he numbered his friends by the hundred, and sincere sorrow is felt by

many of our inmates over the man's death. But, after all, our Lord knew what was best, and it was time the wick sufferer was relieved. He was sick most of the time for 20 years—Just think of it! To all of the mutes, he was always a steadfast friend, and a few of them owe him a debt of gratitude for helping them in time of need. To the bereaved family, we tender our sincerest sympathy, with the hope that time will soon assuage their grief, though their lost one will always be tenderly remembered.

Watson D. Sheriff has at last relieved St. Louis of his undesirable presence and for that much we are thankful. The young man came to town with a large roll of greenbacks, and the first thing on his arrival here was given some kindly advice by a couple of the young men who are worldly wise as far as city ways are concerned, and advised to go to a respectable boarding house where living was both good and cheap and the proprietor could spell. But this verdant young gent thought he knew every thing, and put up at one of the poorest lodging houses in town to save money—some way or other (though none of his money was stolen or squandered on the mutes) his greenbacks melted so quick that in two weeks he was dead broke and he had to appeal to his old acquaintances without success, until, finally, he ran across Hugh Lamb, who kept him from starving until his father sent on enough to take him home—even then he would have squandered that only for a watchful eye being kept on him by his friends. We have the consolation of knowing his dad gave him a first class hiding when he reached home; and the young gent had the gall to write to a friend here that the friends who helped him out of his trouble had no business giving him advice, as he knew how to paddle his own canoe. He is the worst specimen of a mute we have ever met with, and the next one like him will get little sympathy here.

St. Valentine's day has come and gone, as usual, and left a few happy and many mad mutes here. The luckiest boys were Leo Fronsing and Hugh Lamb—Leo got a real nice one from some one he would like very much to know, and Hugh, as for several seasons past, smiled hugely over the receipt of a beauty, but who it is from is more than he can tell, and also some fair but revengeful maid whom he threw over some time ago, sent him an exaggerated picture headed "Your false," which only makes that young man smile the more, and he says he don't see how he can have hurt the young lady, seeing has never yet "popped" to any one here. As for the other mutes, a number of them received valentines which were by no means complimentary to their personal good looks and hit them hard in their weak spots. We believe a few of the girls received some nice valentines, but not having visited any ladies for a month of Sundays, we don't know just who they are.

Miss Celia Heffernan is reported to have arrived home this week from the "Buckeye State," and several of our desirable young men are at dagger's point with each other just now, each of them being bound the other shouldn't get ahead of him. Pile in, boys, and may the best man win.

The following was taken from this week's Republican:

A deaf and dumb lady paid her respects to the city hall officials yesterday, and when she retired she took with her a good many of the "hard earned" dimes of the young men. Her modest appearance was quite noticeable, and she was wearing a bewitching smile, and as she was pretty the smile was in variously returned. Then she kissed her hand gracefully to her vis-a-vis, and while he was trying to suppress his "blushes," she placed in his hand a card containing the mute's alphabet. The victim accepted the card with looks full of thankfulness, and after putting it over and over he bowed his acknowledgments to the cards and he "parted" without a murmur. These performances were facetiously termed dumb belle exercises, and it is estimated that the lady made enough to pay her board for two weeks. She has demonstrated that it is not necessary to be a good talker to be a good cat's paws.

JIM JAMS.

The Brooklyn Society.

The Brooklyn Society held its regular meeting last Wednesday evening at Tuttle Building, on Grand St. There was but a small attendance of members present, and the chief business transacted was the appointment of a Committee of three—Messrs. McColville, Swartz, and Ijams, to make arrangements for the second annual picnic and festival of the Society, which will probably take about the middle of next July. The committee expects to make the picnic a grand success, both financially and socially, especially so, and with that end in view will work diligently from the present time until the affair is over.

Charles E. Green will lecture before the Brooklyn Society on the evening of March 11th. His subject will be the Sunny South.

Mr. J. M. Koehler's Appointments.

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

Mar. 6. St. John's, York, 7:30 P.M.
" 8. St. James', Lancaster, 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.—(Combined)
" 10. Christ Church, Reading, 7:30 P.M.
" 15. Trinity, Easton, 11 A.M.—Confirmation; 3 P.M.
" 15. Grace Church, Allentown, 7:30 P.M.
" 25. Christ, Towanda, 10:30 A.M.—Holy Communion.
" 29. Towanda and Orwaj

Services announced last week at Harrisburg and Steelton, for the 22d of March, have been postponed until April. Date and time of service will be announced later.

NEW YORK.

Echoes of the Recent Ball.

A VARIETY OF CULLINGS ORIGINAL AND OTHERWISE.

The Manhattan has a Debate.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

"Life is like a river flowing fast, With never ceasing motion gliding past, Thus that which once was lost in distant day, Has long since vanished, long since passed away."

The ball of the Catholic Literary Benevolent Union is past. It was an unfortunate thing that the night was so stormy. It seemed as if the elements had all combined to hold high carnival on that occasion. The rain came down in a drizzly mist during all the afternoon, freezing as it fell, and making walking, for both man and beast, a hazardous undertaking. At about 8 P.M. the rain came down in blinding sheets, and a fog settled over things. The ice began to melt, and as it increased the horrors of the evening a soft, slimy slush accumulated. On such a night it could hardly be expected that young ladies would expose their "best" dresses, and as some supposed, "nobody would be there," a great many who had for many a day looked forward to the evening with anticipation and pleasure were doomed to bitter disappointment. But a goodly number attended nevertheless, and a gay time was had. It was made up of deaf-mutes and their friends, and the affair resembled a big family party more than a public ball. Everyone knew everyone else.

The Manhattan Literary Association tackled the following question on the 16th of last month: "Should General Grant be pensioned?" Those who agreed he should were Thomas Godfrey and Mr. Campbell. On the negative side were Adolph Eckardt and Poet LeClere.

There were not quite a dozen in attendance, and not one of them were of the gentler sex. The debate lasted over an hour, and was highly enjoyed by those present. Only three votes were cast at the conclusion of the debate, the negative side winning by a majority of one.

At the close of the debate Mr. Eckardt gave some interesting points connected with the nomination of Lincoln as the Republican Candidate for president in 1861. He was followed by the Poet, who gayly and in poetical signs gave an interesting recital. He was followed by Mr. Godfrey who got off an original (newspaper) joke as follows:

One day a dude—a genuine one—wandered into a Sixth Avenue gin-palace, calling for a drink. He, after emptying the glass, leaned over the bar to whisper to the gin-slinger, and asked if Goosy had been around to-day.

"No, my son," benevolently replied the bartender, at the same time dodging the steely ray from the paste diamond in the dude's shirt front. "I never heard of him. Who may he be?"

The dude was thunderstruck. "Don't know Goosy," he exclaimed. "Every one does. His name comes from his peculiar gait. He waddles like a goose. Here, I'll enlighten you," saying this, the dude began to waddle in a bee-line for the door. The bartender looked on smilingly. The dude threw open the door, and the bartender is still waiting for him to return and pay for that drink.

The boom in the matrimonial market recently started by Monsieur Loew is still on the raise. The latest accession to the ranks of the Benedictos are Mr. Moses Heyman, who goes to the Keystone State for his "Queen," and Mr. A. A. Barnes, who announces that he is engaged to Miss Lizzie Noble, of this city. Miss Noble is a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, and an accomplished and estimable young lady.

The following item is going the rounds of the press:

An American artist, Mr. Humphrey Moore, has lately completed two genre pictures at his studio in Paris. They have been purchased by Mr. Crocker, who paid for the pair \$2,200. Mr. Moore, who is a pupil of Gerome, is deaf and dumb.

Cornelius Delory, of Reigelsville, Pa., and Francis Crocker were at the last meeting of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, and were invited to make a few remarks, which they did.

Moses Taylor is at present in Brooklyn. He can claim to be one of the "old boys of Fifth Street."

Regularly weekly services are now held by Rev. Mr. Colt, or some other minister of St. Ann's, in Brooklyn.

Martha Van Culliver, a nineteen year old girl, was arrested on Wednesday night, 25th ult., for stealing jewelry from Bertha Platt, of 202 West Fifty-second. She was tried in Jefferson Market, the following morning, and recognized as an old offender. Some four years ago, she went to Bellevue Hospital and pretended to be a deaf-mute. When the surgeons came to operate upon her, it was found she could talk. She was held for trial.

A recent issue of the New York Nation contained an article on "Hereditary Deafness." The writer agrees with Prof. Bell, and cites additional cases. On the Sunday following (the 14th ult.), the New York Sun editorial-

ly commented on Clownism among deaf-mutes, and cited as instances the recent ball of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, and the pantomime given at the New York Institution on the 12th inst.

John Lloyd, Jr., who appeared as a darkey on roller skates at the recent Washington's Birthday Masquerade at the New York Institution, is reported to be sick in bed.

"Aquila's" "belle of the C. L. & B. U. ball," is rather a dangerous sign. It is never well for a bashful wooer to put his affections in print. In short, we don't think she was the belle; but, if necessary, we could name the lady who was.

Miss Annie Robbins and J. F. O'Neil, both former pupils of the High Class of the New York Institution, and now residents of Brooklyn, are getting up a petition to present to the Catholic Bishop of their city on the necessity of having a Sunday service for deaf-mutes. Mr. O'Neil wishes it understood that he is not a member of the C. L. & B. U.

Reports of the Buffalo Institution were distributed to the members of the C. L. & B. U., at the last meeting, by Mr. W. J. Reilly, they having been sent by the principal, in return for a photograph of the Union. The Secretary also acknowledged the receipt of the proceedings of the recent convention of deaf-mutes in Philadelphia.

The Guild of Silent Workers held their usual meeting last Tuesday evening. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting by Secretary Bryan, various things appeared in connection with meeting. Among other things, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain announced that a deaf-mute lady in straitened circumstances wished to dispose of her sewing machine, and advised that the Guild purchase it, and at some future time, dispose of it, but no action was taken.

The fair, which was to be held next April, has been postponed till next December, owing to good reasons.

A striking example of the position in which any deaf-mute, who has charge of the funds of any deaf-mute society is placed, was illustrated at this meeting. Several soreheads, who make a business of raking up all sorts of dirty things, announced their suspicions that the treasurer's accounts were not correct. Treasurer Pownall promptly replied that he was perfectly willing to have his books examined. This did not seem to satisfy the grumblers, but as Mr. Pownall integrity was not doubted by the Guild, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet promptly extinguished

